Drifting Fragments

By Chris Donahue

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Greetings dawning horizon on the ocean floor once I met a person and put on this face and tried making myself sound interesting a darling young man on a flying trap ease to please the centuries and live against time but really I and you and we all are so so small. Live against time but really I and you and we all are so so small.

Listened to what life lives in their fingertips just to see and find but do you really know what the fuck I am talking about I admit I do get off seeing darkness all around and shining in the spotlight and pronounce my observations what tedium

A man went off to live in the woods and tried to discover how hot cabin fever get the thor mounter burst and so did this brilliant mad bombers mail go boom just another life how amazing it is this routine we get ourselves in just makes

You cry tears as you dance as a flaming Ora flying off wings of the dove graceful as the ballerina gentle as an egg shell and tender oh so tender and sweet I am nothing and am not expressing my self in proper fashion

I wanting say these words after one settles down laying on one's rack like in a place like here and smells how sweet the body of a human can smell naturally one might realize wait a second that shower came out the water

That sprayed that lather of the soap toothpaste shaving cream q tip floss shampoo they are all objects in a mass of productivity and this is my mark a peddle in fields of stone great giant walls of talent and desperate determination the whisper of the engines on the move steaming over

Everything and dead and fly and worm and bird and garbage man naked man trying to freeze out in the cold bum wandering in desserts talking to cactus butterflies and moths making love for the first out from their cocoons stare at me

Lets stare at each other for hours just looking at what nature has done the confusion this life has to give or the pleasure joy and suffering keeping the tears all locked up inside cry child we are cry become one with the spirit hidden through daily drops

Of rain I am strong man but more importantly I am a gentle soul I adore my insecurities I loathe and invite myself but others to limit myself as an actor in this world being shoved and told what to do if not by people

Around but by the voices concealed inside set rules morals logical rational behavior is it the spontaneous I love to run jump and fuck and maybe shed free on skin and just fly away into the clouds what is it a name N. A. M. E.

the human endless love for misery the purity in life and death and dream and the confusion this existence provides us with. Christmas gifts dad pipes mom face sigh oh hat cat ? step bracelet Dave? Mike? Jyll? Grandma ? Aunt Debbie ? Alexis slippers 1st c plasmatic 1500 aathdhitwr w the except of t d o for o q b d 10oz

My head is getting tight I want to write something down to release this tension. Things are still the only sound is ticking of a clock or the dog licking at herself I would like to call but then again; no. I have nothing good to say, no correction I just won't say anything good. There we go again. Conflict. Such stupidity. I would like to ask why, but I have learned to stop doing that.

So repetepepitive. How; Christ! Whatever! Whatever has become my salvation. It is my way to move on. And what a joke that is. Move on. Action. Live. Talk breathe no no I can still breathe easily. I wonder how long that will last? There. There is something I can do and enjoy right now, breathe. Oh air. Sweet air. Inhale and I taste the water in my mouth.

My mouth. Wrecked ore-afist in your face. None. Sense. I sense the physical presence of metal. Not so hot or cold but cool. Cool metal. I am a student without a teacher. But I still live with my mother and I am still and we as

Not you and I but we as me and the drawings here in which I produce. I miss looking at the paintings that were stolen from me but they and the idea of that is of no importance. Well already I have written a page and have gone onto this and still I am. I will do something else.

4

I’m a little puppet but don’t cry or pout
Enjoy just ingest my pain and internally shout
When the come over and push me down
I fall on my face right smack on the ground

chilly but overhead white day murky it did I and happens still it
it mean didn't I if even leaves kick and stick break I me hear I take I step each with outlook positive. Chris out calling is voice the wake to back starring am I am me at chi chirping.

the lights drifting along the hallway carrying me I could hear their tongue-less cries hands banging upon their cells their stricken faces and sight their mouths were instruments of destruction they were the sinner one and all one ghoul turned to me his cavernous complexity of machinery his jawbone has nail by a metal bride his terror I could not understand I was not with them anymore I wasn't living in their pity I could feel their remorse or anguish I laugh to myself as the guards took a tighten hold on my handcuffs there was anything they could do anything they could not understand I was not with them anymore I wasn't living in their pity I could feel their
I just did not care I even knew their outcome flower daffodils in a bed with the devil they would all roast I read the story before I knew it all too well it didn't where they came what

And what I am doing and all I can do I sit and think and thought and imagination and colors and flowing and love and cherries and blossom and roses and living and seeking and hoping and books and scents and time and us and I remember yellow needles spread across the woods and great thick pines and the place was covered and life was everything and everywhere and it was rich and full moments and we sat there and nestled by a tree and sat there and wondered and smelt the scent that stand spread across the woods and you and I and we sat and gazed and just took it all in and how hard and how hard and how hard it is to enjoy and go on up to a headstone and urinate and piss on death and live and what is a bit of shame to the inexperienced and I know winter is blowing in soon and I s know that cold and have felt that bitterness and I wish I could show you I care and I do care and I care so much while I am with you and you will shimmer beyond your own dreams and illuminate me and I wish I could spend my time in a manner that is good with you
But
What if all I'm doing
What if everything stirring about
What if I don't know what I am doing anymore and I hear
The water rushing by and I don't know
And I don't know but I don't want to miss it and all those little secrets
With all those untold truths
And does it matter what I tell you
Because I want to hear everything
You can say that I am trying to reach the bond that ties us together and anything and everything all just bitterly wasting away and anything and float above and leveled
Here all just bitterly wasting away and anything and everything and all the haste
Just da sin agrating
Just da sin a grate ing

8

spilled ink
pushing towards the edge
of my page

shelf upon shelf
stacked to the top
with moments of isolation

hearts fired together
till the very end
when there is nothing left
but bits of charcoal

help me jesus
while I separate
myself from religion

I've grown fond of watching my bitch
Defecate
Out my favorite socks

I'm an insect
Swirling around the fluffy fuzziest
That point out of the carpet
Till some shithead
Comes by
And stomps me out existence

Harsh wind and white hissing steam
whipping against darkness
Down a long empty pier

the day I felt was pretty regular. Waking up Sunday Jan 17 at 12pm. It was day before martin Luther king, and I felt at peace with myself.

I began the day listening to music two of my newest selections john Zorn's naked city and being john melodic soundtrack. One is mellow colony anthem of the tragedy of wanting someone other than your little self.

The other is a salute to horror flicks in Zorn's avant garde jazz style with a whole lot of screaming.
I woke up with "being" but I worshipped
With the naked city and my Irish rosary beads I felt I was being pushed down while I was standing up. God asked me "are you just fucking around or do you really hold me as your marker and if so how do you dare pray to me standing. So in the middle dying off and dressing with male stench lingering all through the ass infested ship I dropped to my knees and once again humbly felt god's intervention.
What a way to start the day! I wondered how should I spend the day?
I decided to see yet another movie to escape my reality and become reacquainted with my life. I had already visited the next movie theatre and the naro and both did not have the movie I had been waiting to see, so I figured Macarthur center would have my ticket. Unsure I should drink or not I flipped a coin. It fell on its head, and got a ride to the package store to get my wine.
I brought alone a empty water bottle and transferred the liquid walking down to the bus station a quarter of a mile away. its said the bus is supposed to be every 20 minutes but that's what is said so I acquainted my time with my book bag of goodies and tobacco pipe. It was a pleasant smoke letting me once again reflect my leave and what a reasonable situation has brought me

The bus finally arrived. I laid down on one of the side seats in the back.
When I got to the movie theater my movie was going to be shown at 4pm and it was 15 minutes to the hour. More hungry for the movie than food I decided not to eat because of an extended waiting line

I really did adore magnolia I felt a strive for adventure and a bit hunger

I went wandering around Norfolk to visit my favorite pizza outside the mall.

I ordered two sausage slices. They only had two meat slices I said ok but then I realized I only had a dollar in my wallet so I told him I had to go to an a.t.m.
I ran a couple of blocks praying the gas station was open. I got the money and rushed back and almost missed my meal

Although the pizza wasn't outstanding I got to listen to a whole bunch of punk playing with a romantic dispute, I got filled up

I was tired of waiting on the bus so I figured it would be a nice to walk the five miles back. It was. I sat at the waterfront park and wished I would be able to share such a romantic setting with someone. I watched the lights blink on the water. Ten minutes later there came a harsh breeze. I looked over yonder and saw two guys making stupid noise. It was best to leave.

There wasn't many people out a nine o'clock on the winter night but cars rushed all over the highway and drowned out my harmonica with dirty air and loud inorganic sounds.

Some college kids drove by yelling things that couldn't be understood. At a 7/11 a skateboarder went by and I just waved and smiled.

When I got over the bridge, I listened to the unique music of boats rocking in their docks. The cars died down. It was a magic wood churning melody.

I got to abandon the highway and yet another of my favorite places. The rich houses a mile away from the base and the playground. I sat in the swing set, and said to myself, in twenty year I'll look back at what a grand night tonight was. I felt alive.
I gazed at those houses all volumcoutus and extravagant. Their yards were all finally moed even through the Christmas lights were down. A past holiday spirit as inside me

Then I get back to the long stretch of fast fond restaurants and hotels about Hampton blvd. I sat a one of the bus stops along the way and just jammed with my harmonica and tried to figured out again if I was at all musically inclined, I pondered the ideas of music for the millionth time and for millionth time I gave up and continued walking

This one old fat man pulled up to me and asked if I wanted a ride. This same guy I had encounters with before.

A year ago this same guy did the same thing when I had to get to a movie I was about to be late for. He pulled up and other his invitation and I acted. When we got to the movie theater and said that I didn't have to go and that we could go out for a drink. I said no thanks and went on my way.

About a week later, I was telling this one shipmate the same instating. He told me he actually accepted and while they were drinking they guy went and felt his leg. What a crazy guy he was.

Isn't fun how desperate here are in this crazy day age.

About a quarter of a mile I saw another lonely car. This time it was a woman grabbing at her breast which resembled toilet tissue.

-so what are you doing
-walking
-but its so early

-actually its 11:15
-where are you coming from
-downtown Norfolk
-why didn't you take the bus
-I felt like walking
-want me to take you back
-why not

I opened the squeeze door and slid in. We exchanged instructions and she asked me

-you'll be back
even it walking down the long pier, seagulls sideways
-I can't believe I am use to this place.

10

(poem written with mike Peterson)

I need to make a confession
Once a smooth spined girl
Pierced my cycling eyes
Onto a river of death.

Gentle with rainfall
I took her face
with my sullen touch
and forced a smile
That would anoint the earth.

With my heart in flames
The maiden clasped my hand and
Led me to the peak

The land split beneath me
As I released my rhythmic drum
From pitter to patter

When the fire ceased
My angel spread her devilish wings
Beneath the moon
And floated over the valley
Alas, she should've lied.
My concrete eyes
And motionless legs were already deceived by the
Festival of temptation
But we; we;
As humans must preserve what purity
We have left!

So can I have a dollar?

11

Out from no where
A ragged old man
Emerged
In front of me,
Trying to warm
His hands
In dingy pockets.

After he rambled out bits
About his journey
To dirt, he told
How his dream
Now,
is to
return
to his mother's
grave arms
one holy day
and eat
the cooked cabbage
and steaming potatoes
that were served
on his childhood
dinner plate,

and with that
he faded back
to the cold
winter
shadows of the city.

nostril hair
match flame
the immcuatelate glow
the here
you there
spellbound in circles
do you have a feeling flowing through your system

I am
Hand in hand with angels
I can almost
See away in the distance
Look!!! Oh No! only a wish
My hand my head

So clean so pure so free so nakedly nude
Order and structure and working for life
Trappedfreetrappedfree?
What lies beneath the rancidness of slime
And shit? Could it be the most cherished thing
In this world?

Well it can be

13

A steam of a breeze flaps the hat off a well rounded woman seated on her porch. The humid summer's wind takes the hat clear up into the sky like a helium filled balloon. "away with you then" the old lady weeps, "be free.. be free… come back!!! Ah.. I didn't want want you here anyway; you always were a miserable old lout. She engages her handkerchief to her tearing eyes

what? What did you say?
Do you hear me or am I just a gentle breeze rustling leaves that so many ignore?
If I screamed would it make any difference? hen our parents met and then became

So what's right, what's wrong, what is caught in-between tied to the cracks on the railroad? Is essentialism really a nightmare for this human existence?
Could we ever been been so troubled and stressed?
Have I? Are we all prisoners of the skin?
Is it right to speech like?
Do you like a feeling of constant misery and pain like pouring candle wax on skin? Is it masochistic? Do you feel like I have to always have to be repetitive in repenting?
Is life a punishment or an obstacle?
Can you remember that time when our parents met and then became complexity ashamed with flesh?
Is it not this that is a lost world drifting throughout space?
Are we all alone? Could we ever be alone?
When you were a child did you have an imagination?
Was it completely twisted? Did you ever go to church and raise size about all the good little Christian girls? Did you ever want to take them out plug them up and let them scream a sermon and make you feel like Jesus himself?
Did you ever feel the strength enough to put both of your hands in her mouth and try to tear her face apart?
Did you ever wanna play doctor?
Did you ever want to have your own patient that you could perform all your scientism operations like slicing off her breasts then throwing them again a wall?
What kind of smells would arise from such a action?
What kind of sounds would bounce off the walls?
Would there be screams of terror?
Would her tears drown me?
Would I be forced to start beating the hell out of her for making me feel so bad?
Could an eight foot long sword get shoved into her mouth and go down her sausages and come out her anus? Would that silence her?
Would I still be overwhelmed with guilt?
What could we do?

I mean after she's beat to a pulp and gushing ecstasy would I be able to handle myself in a cool professional manner? Would I still recognize the treaty she processed inside? Would I even get to recognize her battered face? Could a person a person ever quite heal from something of this fashion or would we just have to feed her to the dogs? Could I be capable of forcing her carcass through my digestive system? Would she give me gas? What am I talking about? Does one ever really have an unselfish opinion or our arguments

15

Lately I have questioning balances of what is what and where or who I am but I but here my main purpose is to relax as the sunset's twilight empties to the flaming sea. I feel I have melted into the glaze and am almost bodiless

Two worlds collide what if at actual speed the poem pieces lately. I have been getting chased to blind by all men but it might very well just be death. I could smell a thousand carriages before I would ever think of holding an infant

The woman will say yes I am the one let us melt together and after all the heart ache pain and torment she put me through I fell on my knees and praised the feet she walked on

If these two worlds collide and we find ourselves separated from the figure we call our own who knows what goes on in the ant swarms.

16

a guy leaving on a plane
or just going anywhere
but keeps finding himself
keeps running into himself (body)

17

Detached from fruits
The cell door creaks open
Like all embarrassment
Of scratching chalkboards to a
Room full your elders
You just know
The scolding will appear
Faster than a bullet becomes dislodged from a suicide.
Another oh what is this
That smells almost like a rose on the island of Monte carlo
Many in the lilies in Spain
Or my wife after her morning joe
When all that sweat soaked her shorts
And let her body all nice and firm
Oh how I do miss freedom
Like taking walks in woods and dropping throw wherever
Whenever
Because it doesn't matter
When it didn't matter what you said

As the rusty cell door creaks open like fingertips of fingernails scratching at a chalkboard with a bitch following
As he strolls down the hallway
Flaming shakes of paper and flaming

and what have I learned from this occasion? What is this yellow piece of matter transporting me who are these strangers
what would happen if I brought out each one of their insecurities?
Would I break them in half as easy as a twig or am I the only one with low self esteem?
Should I be ashamed that I am so depressed? Can they see all the pain brought to my life?
Do they enjoy the pain as much as me?
How would their shoes feel?
What about that dressed in the expensive clothes?
Is it all just a big cover up?
Could she be living in a gutter?
How does she see me? Could she ever just scream out, you. you.. yes silly boy you are the one in the back row you have been waiting for me!
Could we get the bus to stop and if so would it come to a screeching halt or slowly desist.
What if the bus driver ran back here trying to separate us because of our young. Would she care enough to keep order on that bus!

Waved by the world all the mighty in high above prayers to heaven and let the papers burn fuck it all and goodbye wish me luck in this lost confusion

So what are we going to do with your life

if there ever was a good way to say goodbye, this would probably be it unfortunetly I think this is not a proper way to say hello. It really is not an experience where you can actually become everlasting friends. Or is it?
We had a good talk and I really enjoyed it. Thank you. You reminded me of no one but yourself, and I was really grabbed by that. I guess you're just one of those that attaches all those artistic idiots and homeless bums. Oh sigh. Will I see you again? Doubt it! But isn't it so great running into people and leaving them thinking of what a great impact they had on you.
I think that is the perfect relationships no real boring chit chat dulling itself a complete hum drum rainy day inside instead a quick and intense conversation think over a whole lifetime. I started having these quick and non physical relationships with people for quite a while now, because there is nothing permanent in the navy except well the navy. But actually know that you met these people.
I am wondering was it your experiences or physical features?> maybe how you were expressing an interest to me.
How interested are you of meeting people? Don't hear that where does your acting end? Never mind does it have an end? Will you become sucked into the art world? Such are my thoughts raging on in a hormonal feeding frenzy oh sigh.
I remember one beautiful woman I met on a bus going up to Newark no and nick to see her lover as she called him she was traveling all around the states alone. What a charming conversation! Such a beautiful woman from Colorado with an oddly charming bit of an southern accent from her parents. I went into my rant and rave speaking my train of thought and her cushioning my endless questions
Oh what was her name ash yes gay-lynn (pronounced)
I have trouble with getting to sleep on the bus even after our 6 hour instant conversation in a uncomfortably packed bus. I watched her so wanting to I woke her out with me rambling comfort her but on another part I didn't to soil the purity of simple conversation so I didn't and I love myself for not doing anything. There is no need for such frivolous activity when we can open our eyes to true life experiences brought as close as being there sleep so uncomfortably and wanted her lay her head on my shoulder but just not wanting to lead into anything it won't really be other than a simple intense bonding experience shared pure.
I know the closeness female companion ions I have I will never do anything with because I don't like all that mentally of course because I don't think its love or any emotion. I think its just trying in the best possible way to please someone and it gets all topsy turvy from there on out.
I am not even sure if I want you to write me back. The end letter won't be as intense. And your first letter will analyze way beyond its needed mount and liable to try to make into you stupid pen pal bullshit.

20

I am not sure where I began
And I don’t know where
I will finish
And present moment keeps changing.

valediction kneel over your shady past
the sunset's ending rage from the window
illuminates by pale face, red
but yet our black clothes remain empty of color.

For eternity
I was so afraid when passing in the
Street your glaring eyes
Might penetrate through me
Again

What an uneasy conversation
It ..would be!

Now as age
Has worn my vengeance thin.
I have climbed out
Of your dirt hole.

Now as other issues
Has dulled your sickness to just another experience
I have turned my head
To face the world

Now as strength
Lets me look back
I have made my childish eye
Turn to stone

Now as pity
For all humanity can
Breathe free at even:
The very core of my bloody heart
Still
I have a nervous stream
Of anticipation
That fills my system
To be completely sure
A pocket sized mirror
Placed against your nostrils
Won't fog.